

After the Second

by Alyss Mainwaring

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Summary: SPOILERS FOR THE SECOND MOVIE. Basically my version of what happens next, mainly written to help me cope with withdrawal symptoms after watching the movie. Do not read unless you know what happens or want the whole plot line revealed to you. Hint about my story, so far, four people have fallen off cliffs. Toothless is in the pairing because face it, they are one half of a whole. :)

1. Prologue

****So if you don't want major spoilers for the second movie you must not read. I REPEAT, you must not read. I saw it in a preview and this came to mind straight away. However, I can't stop you from reading so it is really up to you. I have warned you though so do not come flaming at me!****

* * *

><p>The first day of Hiccup being chief (not including the day of the battle) he thought went rather well. Of course nothing much actually happened. The twins didn't seem up to their normal tricks, Fishlegs and Meatlug stayed at some unknown spot eating berries and rocks, Snotlout and Hookfang didn't resort to accidental arson and Astrid stayed by Hiccup's side.<p>

Valka wasn't seen for the whole day.

On the second day after the battle Hiccup called all of the people in Berk to the town centre (what was left of it) and set down a few things that were going to change under his rule.

"We need everyone doing whatever job they can to go towards fixing up Berk!" he called out. "All of the ice will have to be cleared as well as preparing for winter that is right around the corner. Bucket and Mulch will be in charge of organising who will be helping with the food supplies. Snotlout will be organising who will help thaw the

ice."

Hiccup paused and looked over to Gobber uncertainly. The elder man had a bittersweet smile on his face as he watched Hiccup speech. During the last part he had inspected all the faces before him and noted the grim expressions. When he noticed Hiccup looking at him pleadingly, he gave an encouraging nod. _He has to get this by himself, _he thought sadly. _I can no longer help him. _

With a deep, shaky breath in Hiccup continued. "I will be flying over on Toothless to offer help any where I can. There will be a rotation of anyone who is competent at flying dragons to scout around the island. We cannot afford to be in this vulnerable position, open to attack. It will take a while but rebuild our lives we must." Again he looked away, this time over the heads of everyone gathered to the back where his mother was standing silently listening.

"In doing so, we are celebrating the lives of those who perished in the fight for our freedom!" he finished. A cheer rose from all present and the dragons soon joined in. A faint smile drifted across Hiccup's face and he stepped off his makeshift platform of wooden boxes. At once Astrid joined his side, ever the unwavering support.

The pair walked to Hiccup's house only to be greeted enthusiastically by Toothless and Stormfly. Astrid let out a small laugh at her dragon's attempt to cheer her up, which was cut short once she saw Toothless and Hiccup's meeting.

Hiccup had walked over and greeted his friend with the normal, "hey bud," nothing wrong there, except that when Toothless had attempted to head but his rider, Hiccup flinched.

With a sigh Astrid walked over to the two of them and gently punched Hiccup in the shoulder. He jumped and turned around to look at her.

"What's wrong?" she asked and lent over to scratch Toothless. The dragon, having felt neglected by his rider (and being an attention seeker) cooed gently and lent into the pat.

"Everything has changed. And I don't think it is for the better," he replied. Upon looking up he saw that the sky represented the mood he felt, but then again, it was always either raining or snowing in Berk.

"Hiccup, you can't push Toothless away because of what happened. It wasn't his fault. And I think he did enough later by helping you save the village!" she snapped, finally sick and tired of his sulking around. "You can't continue like this, _you are the chief!" _

"How can I be the chief if I can't even stop my own dragon from attacking family! Who's to say that he isn't going to turn around one day and attack you?! Hell! He even turned on me!" he yelled spinning around to face Astrid. His face was fuming and Toothless, sensing his anger tried to walk forward and comfort his rider. Hiccup pushed the dragon away again with all his might. "I can't do this!" he screamed out to the cliffs.

"Yes you can," came a quiet, non-aggressive voice from on top of a

rock. Both of the teenagers spun around to greet Valka.

"It wasn't poor Toothless' fault, he was under the control of the alpha dragon," she said.

"Under enough so that he didn't recognise me?! So that he was perfectly willing to kill me, and that had it not been for Dad at the very last moment, I would have died without him knowing any better?!" he yelled. Toothless gave up and gave a mournful coo at the words and ran behind Astrid.

"HICCUP!" she yelled annoyed. Hiccup's chest seemed to visibly deflate as all of his anger left him and instead retreated to some unknown area inside of him.

"You should have been made in charge of Berk, Astrid. I obviously can't do it and you're the best here," he said and walked over to the cliff. He looked back once at his mother and then quietly and simply walked off the edge of the rock face. Valka shrieked in terror and started running towards the edge. There was nothing she could do however, the dragon was off somewhere else.

Toothless didn't get worried. Instead he happily ran and followed his rider off the edge, causing another yell from Valka, knowing he couldn't fly by himself.

She came to the edge and peered over. Her son and his dragon were nowhere in sight. She fell to her knees and started sobbing.

Astrid calmly walked over and placed her hand on the older woman's shoulder. "Look up," she whispered.

* * *

><p>So, thoughts?

Feelings?

It is only very tentative because it is still in its beginning stages. Chapter one is getting written right after I finish this. I am hoping to make long chapters but probably don't expect quick updates. I am notoriously bad for how long between updates I go :)

**But anyway, feel free to comment. I don't even care if it is just to complain (scream excitedly) about the movie. **

Tell me what you think!

Alyss Mainwaring

2. On the Edge

So I am back with the second chapter!

**Now I am finishing my last year of formal schooling (which is a pain) and (failing English) I am meant to be spending more time on that than this. I have one major (due tomorrow :]) and it is meant to be long. **

****The ironic thing is that the major is for history extension
:]****

****Onwards to the story!****

*** * ***

><p>The End of the Last Chapter_

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><p>With trembling breath she did.<p>

Hiccup was lying on Toothless, eyes closed, every now and then changing his foot position to adjust the back fin. He seemed peaceful but tense from the emotional outburst that he had just gone through and was taking deep breaths to control where it was going to go next. Astrid didn't know, but she was assured that it was never going to get violent. He didn't appear to be that type of person. Toothless instead of going anywhere was simply staying on the spot, riding the hot air pocket that somehow seemed to exist on the cold hell Berk was.

"Hiccup!" Valka half heartedly yelled. Her soul felt as though it had been shattered into a milling pieces and then pieced back together again slowly and painfully using blood as the glue. In response, hearing the panicked shrieked he sat up alarmed, scanned the horizon for everything. As soon as he realised that there was no danger he leant down, flicked a section on Toothless' tail mechanism before getting out of the saddle, standing up and turning around to face Astrid and his mother.

"What?" he yelled out.

"You gave me a heart attack!" Valka responded. He turned back around again as she turned to Astrid accusing. "You didn't do anything!" she snapped at her.

Astrid's eyes narrow. Her mouth opened to respond but before she managed to get it out Valka continued.

"I thought you cared! I thought you were the one for my son! I haven't seen him for twenty years and when I do, I find out that he has been chasing this one girl all his life. When I heard that I thought that maybe he knew from the start that she was the one! But then I find out that when he decides to randomly throw himself off a cliff, followed by his dragon, WHO CAN'T FLY, you make no move to protect him! It is ridiculous!" she screamed and grabbed her staff from where it was resting on a rock beside her. Raising it above her

head she shook it vigorously. Holding on tightly Cloudhopper swooped down and used a claw to pick her up then lightly toss her onto his back.

Astrid watched as Cloudhopper flew away to the north, away from the village where all the dragons generally resided. A single tear made a fresh track down her face. Everything was coming apart at the seams and seemed impossible to fix, no one was willing.

* * *

><p>Later on that night Astrid was walking across a thin bridge of only one uneven plank of wood between two islands in a place close to Berk. The islands were a decent way above the sea level and rocks jutted out from the cliff faces sharply, but caring wasn't high on Astrid's list. When Hiccup hadn't returned two hours after mysteriously disappearing, the clan had gotten extremely worried and she had been forced to take up the position. Maybe if he is going to continually pull these sort of stunts I am _going to have to take over from him. After all, his family is wracked by grief and aren't thinking entirely straight. _

Gobber was her right-hand-man of the day, telling all of the tricks of the trade (as he thought that they went, sometimes he was wrong to say the least) as she attempted to solve the normal domestic issues of Berk. Her opinions weren't as creative as Hiccup's would have been, nor as diplomatic or fair as Stoick's were, but at least it was something. And it wasn't as though Gobber had been much help.

"When Stoick came across problems such as these he normally didn't let me anywhere near them as he knew that I was only going to make the situation worse. But as you don't have any better advice I guess that you are just going to have to go with mine. Everything can be solved better with a little violence. I think that I might even have a few spare weapons."

Gobber next piece of helpful advice was in what she was to do when there was nothing to do.

"Occasionally Stoick would spend his spare time tending the paper work in there great hall. All of the other times he would be lifting things up before throwing them to where they are meant to be. You however, would be best leaving that section up to some egotistical, strapping, young, lads with metal skivvies. Instead you can come join me in the forge!" he said with a little too much enthusiasm.

Astrid had been forced to politely decline and instead took to wandering around the village offering a hand where needed (sometimes literally). There were moments when she had to throw her axe to put out fires, order dragons to get out of the road and to tame a few.

If Hiccup would ever extract the metaphorical digit and step up to his role here, I wouldn't be going through this all!

Astrid turned around and started back the other way on the plank. "I wonder. If I order Stormfly not to catch me and just jump will he come to catch me, or will he prefer to stay away and remain a hermit."

"You know that no matter what I feel, I will always catch you," said a voice right behind her. She couldn't control her actions as she nor Stormfly had noticed them coming in and landing, as the night fury was known as the most silent when flying at a slow to moderate speed. Unfortunately, it was only a small plank of wood and she tipped to the side and almost in slow motion, fell off.

Hiccup's foot automatically and autonomously changed to the right position and both the rider and dragon lept off the edge of one island and started speeding after Astrid. Right before all three hit the sea Toothless managed to grab her and pull her in close.

Then they smacked into the water.

* * *

><p>When Valka had finally let off enough steam, she allowed herself to return to Berk, expecting it to be exactly as it looked like when she left only a few hours earlier. Few things however hadn't changed. As she flew in, Bucket and Mulch were manning the ships, giving an appearance of normality, but upon reaching the dark, dreary, cold, mainland, she found it in a state of complete chaos. Mildew was running around yelling abuse at all of the dragons causing a few to laugh. Snotlout was also yelling abuse at Hookfang, but not in the same way as Mildew. Fishlegs was holding philosophical gatherings with all of the gronckles. He was forced to stop every now and then to yell to Gobber that "his singing was interrupting the way vikings could interpret dragon theorems about their known world". Gobber was arguing back that it wasn't worth it and that all they needed to know was where the best metals for making swords was hiding.<p>

But in the midst of all of the chaos, Hiccup and Astrid were missing.

With a long, drawn out sigh, Valka walked over to Mildew and told him something secret to shut him up and leave long enough to get everything else under control. Then she walked over to the well and got a bucket full of water and mentally started counting.

3

2

1

Splash!

She threw all the water over a panicking, ass on fire, Snotlout. In response he frowned and wondered off muttering about how Valka always was out to ruin his fun.

"Gobber, have you seen Hiccup lately?" she asked killing two birds with one stone. He looked up, stopped singing, walked over to her, before promptly grabbing her arm and dragging her into the workshop.

"All that mumbo-jumbo isn't important anyway!" he yelled out to Fishlegs over his shoulders on the way in, then turned to Valka again to answer her question. "I haven't you see, but he does turn up

eventually. You can't be too strict on the kid, he did just lose his father after all."

"And I lost a beloved husband! But does that mean that I am allowed to become extremely emotional and let them dictate my actions?!" Valka yelled angrily back.

"You have been gone for 20 years," Gobber replied in a dead voice.

Valka fled.

* * *

><p>Later on when the town torches were meant to have been lit, the town was still dark.<p>

"Where is my son?!" Valka yelled out as she ran through.

"Calm down!" replied an old friend. "We only start to worry when he doesn't turn up the next day."

"I don't care. I need to find him!" And Valka left again.

* * *

><p>The rest of the teens remaining were sitting at their normal table for dinner. To their surprise Astrid never turned up. Hiccup wasn't unusual as there had been many a time when he had gotten so involved in his work that either Astrid had to literally drag him to dinner, or when he just missed it all together.<p>

"Where do you think they were?" asked the ever worrying Fishlegs.

"Destroying somethingâ€|" said Ruffnut. She looked off into the distance daydreaming happily.

"It would be gloriousâ€|" said Tuffnut in the same pose as his sister.

"Be serious guys, they are probably out in some bush loving it up somewhere," said Snotlout, seemingly jealous at the thought of Hiccup doing it before him. Tuffnut snapped out of his daze and looked over, nodding his head in agreement.

"You are all disgraceful! They could be captured by outcasts for all we know! Or worse...dead!" Fishlegs spat. The three others shrugged.

"I'm beat. Night guys," Ruffnut said and left.

"So am I," quickly jumped in Snotlout and ran after Ruffnut to talk to her.

"I really do want to see what she does to himâ€|." Tuffnut explained and then ran out the door screaming, "don't injure him yet, I want to watch!"

Fishlegs was the only person left in the dimming hall. On a normal

night before things took a turn, at this hour of the night Hiccup would be spread over a desk with his portable map filling in the hastily drawn areas. Astrid would be putting in her comments before copying it onto the map that resided in the great hall. Most people disagreed, but Hiccup always said that she had a straighter and more sure hand than he did. Everyone else knew that it made Astrid extremely pleased to have such an important task and Hiccup was willing to do whatever he was able to do in making her happy.

Stoick would have been sitting in the large chief chair in the middle of the hall, mug of something or another in one hand, laughing at a really bad joke of Gobber's. On other nights he was listening to people's complaints, concerns and suggestions about the town, always willing to take things in.

Once a month the room was alive with everyone from the town singing and dancing to poorly orchestrated music. Stoick always picked a seemingly random day, but Fishlegs had noticed that whenever the times grew pressing and overly so, the dance was in a few days. The dragons sat on carefully constricted perching beams up above, adding to the music by chortling along, speaking in their own tongue.

Now, the dance hadn't been held in two months. The day Hiccup came back muttering about an insane man, and Berk went into lockdown, the dance was cancelled, in fear of what was to happen next. There was never a time to reschedule it and now there was no one to do so. Hiccup still missing from the morning speech. The town was quiet, in a silent respect of the recent late chief, but it was too silent and scarily so.

Fishlegs took one more look at the dimming fire in the centre and turned around to leave. "It's not like it's warmth is of use any more.

So, I am attempting to update this thing every Wednesday, but I need support if I do so :) This chapter is over 2000 words (by 4) and I am hoping to do that every time but like I warned earlier, there will be days when I won't make the word limit and times when I won't update at all. It is then that you all need to PM me and as me as to where I have disappeared to. That way I won't go missing for months at a time which I have done before and am currently doing now for one of my RA ficsâ€|

I just can't be bothered :)

* * *

><p>REVIEW ANSWERING_

_lorde ** - I do plan on continuing
:)***_

hpnarutardsjedipirate1234** - It was only after spell check tried to fix your username that I realised what it said :) The movie shocked me so much! And yes it is a good thing that you have seen the movie, I know people who haven't (shame on them!) :)**

* * *

><p>I am going to leave with a quote from now on,

"**A room without books is like a body without a soul." **

â€• **Cicero**

Alyss Mainwaring

3. Shields

Valka was forced to abandon her search halfway through the night when all of the screaming deaths rose to the surface. Clouthopper wasn't very appreciative of them and she was forced to agree. Before she finally turned in however, she made one last stop to a small cave close to the edge of the sea on the side of a mountain.

It was just high enough to not get wet from the sea, even in extreme storms and winter, and had been only just accessible by climbing. This time it was much easier due to Clouthopper. The ledge from afar and even close appeared to not have any holes in the wall at all, a rock carefully concealed the entrance, and it was easily moveable, therefore able to accommodate the dragons. Once Valka had moved this rock aside, she walked in to find that internally nothing had changed except for a thick layer of dust covering everything. Once she placed the torch she had with her in the designated socket in the wall, the whole room was lit up. Clouthopper shift to one side suddenly, protesting silently at the sharp brightness introduced.

"It's ok, boy. I needed to. My sight isn't as marvelous as yours is," she muttered comfortingly.

In response he let out a sudden huff of breath, disturbing all of the dust and causing Valka to have to retreat to the ledge. As soon as she raced to the edge, she looked back to see the large cloud of dust that had followed her. _Well, I guess that's what twenty years of pure nothingness can do when not touched, _she thought to herself. _Stoick never came here when I was gone. We had promised each other when we got married!_

She stormed inside with a small scream. There was no greater desire other than to smash all of the precious objects hidden in the cave. Every couple of Berk created a small get away when they got married. It was designed so that none of the newlyweds crept out Gobber too much. The chief had taken his "precious princess" on his back the whole way down to here. She had screamed her whole way down in fright in fear that he would lose his footing and fall off, taking her with him to a watery death. But she should have always trusted Stoick, he had never let her down until today, they had promised each other!

The roof was a moderate shade of blue. That which wasn't the sky that held white clouds or the sea with green shades running through, but in the middle with both. The couple had decided to paint it that colour as it was where they felt they belonged, in the middle of two great eras.

And they had never been more right.

The time before them had been full of epic tales of dragon killing,

with new weapons invented and new weaknesses found. The time after was what Hiccup would have been leading if he had decided to turn up. But the silly boy was missing, causing all of this heartache.

Some more time passed with Valka doing nothing aside from staring at the ceiling. Not once did it change. After inspecting each and every visible paint stroke in the dim lighting, she turned around and looked at the various cupboards that lined the walls in the front before the dividing cloth. The small desk shaped tops had small pieces of memorabilia from their time together before marriage and a few even after. There were a few dragon bones together from those that they had killed together, symbolising the sudden change in times. Hiccup's first baby blanket was also here, committed forever to the hall of memory.

The only object that she didn't recognise was a small round cylinder shaped wooden block about four inches thick. There were multiple lines running through it, each showing a seam of some sort and with a trembling hand, Valka reached out and picked it up.

Turning it over in her hand she carefully inspected each of the sides, and it was only when her hand accidentally pushed in two sections did she pause to look at it properly. In her hands the thing sprung apart and revealed a tiny wooden figure. Upon closer inspection she realised it was a younger version of herself. A few things were off, as was natural for human error, but looking past those it was nearly an exact replica. Flipping it over to look at the underside there was a small inscription carved neatly into the base.

For my beloved Val. Nothing could ever come between us, not even distance or death. Everything I do now, is for you. Love your other half, Stoick.

And it was dated to a week after she was taken off. Tears started falling down, there was nothing she could do to slow them down. If she had known about any of this she would have come earlier. Twenty years was too long! Her son grown and making his own decision for the whole village of Berk. If only he had stayed small forever so that she had gotten to experience that.

When he was young, his first steps.

The first time he ever spoke.

The way that he designed and built marvelous objects.

His moments with Astrid.

But she couldn't get any of that back, and she couldn't have the future versions as he didn't trust her.

Sweeping the animal skin room divider aside, Valka fell onto the bed that lay in situ in the middle of the room. The absence of dust was the first thing that told her something was up. She pushed herself up to a sitting position staring at a wall, too afraid to turn around and face the same thing was outside. Instead when she spun around she was confronted with everything to say that Stoick had spent the night before taking off to find Hiccup in here. Food was fairly recent, although a bit out of the use by date and there was not one speck of

dust anywhere to be found.

The wall opposite where the foot of the bed was located held a wall to ceiling book. They were all neatly lined up. They were in varying shades but each one in itself didn't have the same colour as another. The leather covers had dates stamped onto the spines, done when the actual book itself was commissioned. It was in these cases that Valka was glad she had taught Stoick everything she knew about leather working, even if he didn't use it past these books. Valka's father had been a master leather worker and with her being the last possible one to pass his trade too, Valka had felt that the skills had to be passed on somehow. Hiccup obviously hadn't been born yet and she didn't know if Stoick had ever even felt the need of passing on the skills.

On the back wall of the cave were three shields, taken care of lovingly, coated in a fine layer of dust. They were obviously well oiled with the special coating jar you could get from Trader Yohan. Valka knew perfectly well that they had to be re oiled once every three months or they would start to fall apart, especially in the sea air.

On the first one she was looking up at Stoick happily, he was smiling lovingly down at her. They were both in their wedding clothes and it was painted the night of their wedding. In fact, it had taken then a few days worth of scrubbing to get the food stain off it that had occurred when Gobber had started a food fight. The people all willingly got into it, even the chief because after all, it was a large moment in the history of the Berk people. Another generation was to follow.

The second shield was painted a few months after Hiccup was born. The tiny baby was reaching up towards his father from inside Valka's arms. Valka had been paying attention to bucket that day, Stoick however, just wanted to play with the little boy. Right before settling into place, as much as he ever would, he had pretended to take Hiccup's noise. Bucket had nearly ran out screaming at the thought of his chief stealing something, but Hiccup had been smarter than that. He always had been smarter than others in certain areas. Even now.

The third and final shield Valka wasn't a part of. It was obviously done when Hiccup was five or so, the young boy was allowed to sit at his father's feet to pose for the painting. A general sign that many used to show a child under the age of seven. He wasn't leaning in towards his father anymore, both had an uncomfortable look about them, as though they knew that neither knew each other all that well. Stoick's face wasn't jolly anymore, it was stern, harsh and unforgiving. Hiccup still held that childhood curiosity that he had in the second painting, but it was restrained, almost as though he knew that it wasn't allowed to be seen.

The one thing that reconciled Valka about the image was that Hiccup still had his missing foot. She knew that he had lost it when he had found Toothless, fairly soon after in fact, a season to be precise. She also knew that if Hiccup had lost it at this age not only would she feel like a horrible parent due to the fact that her son had been living with a slight (not really in the viking world though) physical impairment. Even though she knew that he didn't see it as such, and in some cases, like flying Toothless, it made it easier, it didn't

make her feel any better. There was the other point that if his foot was missing at this age, the vikings would have accepted dragons not that long after she had left and those twenty years of self-inflicted exile would have practically been for nothing.

She was attempting to justify staying away for so long due to this fact that the people in Berk hadn't been ready for her dragons.

It wasn't working too well.

On the roof was a small thing that she hadn't noticed until looking up. Valka was forced to shift to one side slightly to read it, unconsciously realising that it would have been directly above Stoick's head once he was lying here.

_In the dancing and the dreaming. _

This was the point where Valka wasn't able to hold her emotions anymore. It hadn't been fair to her and Stoick. Nothing had. They had just gotten each other back after twenty years and now Stoick was dead! At least with her disappearance if you were delusional enough you would believe that she could have been alive, and she had been. Stoick however had gotten a direct shot from a dangerous night fury and there was nearly no distance between the two. Yes it was for the good saving Hiccup, but she wished that he didn't have to go in the process. It quite literally tore her apart from the inside out. Starting with her heart, moving to her brain then spreading to all of the other areas of her body, like an extremely deadly infection.

Sobs racked her small frail body. Years of eating nothing except what had been available to her in that small place had meant that any spare fat she might have possibly owned had disappeared. Muscle had replaced it, being transported from dragon to dragon had meant that she had developed muscles in places that she hadn't even known about. The first few times had hurt in many ways as she fell off and plunged into water, embarrassed her and on the chance that she was successful, awakened these muscles that were developed.

She sat up suddenly.

"Why am I here?!" she screamed out in the small personalised cave. Cloudhopper got up from where ever he was and poked his head in asking if she was alright. Seeing that she was just having a breakdown he walked back out again, knowing it was better to let her get it all out of her system, just like she had needed to when he brought her back to the alpha dragon.

"I would trade my whole life if it meant I could spend servitude beside Stoick! Odin, please hear me! I wish to join my husband! Surely you have someone that you can't bare to be separated from!" she looked up and pleaded. In an equally surprising manner she shot up from the bed and raced out of the cave, stopping just in time to prevent herself from going over the edge.

"If I leap will I see him?" she screamed. "Or will I end up eternally damned in Niflheim? Please Freya, take me away to be with him! I cannot bear it anymore!"

Valka started to climb up to the top of the hill, still sobbing

hysterically. She didn't care about how safe she was climbing, nor about the security of the small ledge she was clinging or standing on in her endeavor to reach the highest point.

One of the rocks broke away from the cliff in her hands. It was the only one that she had been certain of. Stoick had marked it specially to say it was safe, and now he was gone it had broken for the first time. His protection was starting to fail her. Something that she never wanted to happen.

Hanging onto the ledge with only one hand and two feet Valka nearly lost her staff to the swirling sea below. Wind had picked up since she was last outside and the darkness that resided in the place, not helped by the far away lights of the town threatened to engulf her forever.

"Is it worth it?" she sobbed and let go falling backwards in a similar manner to Astrid.

* * *

><p>So, another chapter. Not updated on Wednesday but at least before the end of this week right? :)

Hope you like it. I had so much fun writing it, I didn't want to let go of it :)

**Quote - "We have to continually be jumping off cliffs and developing our wings on the way down."

>â€• Kurt

Vonnegut

**Reviews!**

hpnarutardsjedipirate1234 = I realised not only that you are a wonderful person who reviews my story but what your user name says :) And about Hiccup and Astrid, I was going to answer that in this chapter but then I decided this was long enough and that I could continue the cliffhanger for a little while longer... on that thought, I might as well make everyone fall off cliffs or planks of wood, I seem to be doing that lately :0

Alyss Maiwnaring

4. Thoughts

**So sorry for any spelling mistakes. It was first written on 750words. **

Sorry about the delay as well. Astrid hated me and refused to talk to me about her experiences.

**Dedicated as always to the wonderful
hpnarutardsjedipirate1234*. :)**

* * *

><p>Astrid gazed up at the sky. She had counted three days since their unexplained disappearance, it could have been more. After all,

when she had come to, it was on a beach in the middle of nowhere. Thankfully Toothless and Hiccup were right beside her. Toothless had awoken split seconds after her and as soon as he had realised she was up, he jumped on her. Astrid was forced to wince, her head was giving her a pounding headache, still was in fact.<p>

Hiccup however, hadn't woken yet.

Toothless spent every moment he could by his human's side, making sure he was never in pain. Astrid occasionally got up to hunt things, never straying far from the makeshift campsite. Hiccup's unresponsive nature threw her thoughts back to when Berk had only just accepted dragons. He lay on his bed completely still, on the first floor of his house to be closer to the fire and so Stoick could watch him easier. He was nearly as pale this time, if not more. It broke Astrid's heart to see him like this, but there was nothing she could do. Every night she gently poured a mixture of some sort of sludge down his throat in the effort to keep him slightly healthy, but she wasn't one of the people to cook around Berk.

Stormfly was no where in sight and she was stuck all alone practically on this unknown island.

_The map!_She suddenly screamed in her head. Gently she rolled Hiccup over to one side to retrieve the map the two of them had been working on. Thankfully, when Hiccup had been designing this suit, he had asked for her input once he had ran the general design past her. Making the map compartment waterproof was one of her ideas, one that he hadn't agreed with at first. Slowly she managed to convince him to include it, even if he wasn't too convinced of the actual purpose itself. Since that time he was making constant changes and adjustments, not all sane, but he hadn't changed that section. The paper section however, hadn't been made waterproof and had suffered for this. _Not the right time to say I told you so, _Astrid thought.

She pulled the map out and rolled her eyes. Hiccup really needed to start working on larger pieces of paper. Looking around, it was extremely difficult to pinpoint any markers at all. Nothing in the landscape seemed to have any importance that would have been included on a map. Of course all the major details would have been included, but enough so that people could tell where they meant. The major detail was going to go on a large map that was planned for the great hall, and Hiccup had always realised in some small section of his mind that he wasn't going to be the person to do so. He might commission it, but it wouldn't be made from his hand. The vague and generic nature of the land wasn't helped by the fact that the small group were sitting on a beach backed by a forest instead of discovering it all by flying over the top.

Just off in the distance however was a grey, rocky, mass resembling a huge face in profile. Astrid frowned and looked down.

"I don't remember ever discovering thisâ€¦" she muttered to Toothless. The dragon cooed and gently pointed to a place on the map with his nose. Right there was the island 'Scratch' except the face appeared in the opposite direction. "We're on the other side!" she shrieked. Toothless put his head down and paws over his ears.

"Toothless! Can you fly and get he-" Astrid stopped. Toothless needed a rider and she was unwilling to leave Hiccup alone right when he really needed her.

"Watch him for me for a moment, please?" Astrid called running into the treeline. Toothless watched her go with a frown, but then shrugged.

_Sometimes, _he thought, _Hiccup's mate was insane._

* * *

><p>Two hours later, Astrid returned. She had a covering made of intertwined vines. At the four corners and two extra points on each side, handmade ropes were strung. It was only further up that they were woven together even more to only leave four points for Toothless to hold in his paws.<p>

"Believe we could get him back to Berk on this?" she asked the dragon. Toothless jumped on her, knocking her to the ground and proceeded to cover her in dragon saliva. "Good. When do you want to leave?"

Toothless sat down and tilted his head to one side. _Now._

* * *

><p>Back in the main village island of Berk things had started to go pear shaped. Hiccup was missing, and therefore the town was left without a chief. There was no one there to ensure that everything was going to be fine. After the last few days and their world changing events, someone really needed to be there. Valka had gone on a hair brained quest to find her son, but had neglected to nominate someone to take over.<p>

Gobber had attempted to step up to the task but had failed. It wasn't his fault really, he just enjoyed the old times and violence too much. His form of solving problems was to bash everyone over the head once and hope that they forgot what ever they were fighting about. There was also the fact that he wished to just follow the first and second option for solving problems, the third involved too much thinking and meant that there was the possibility of failure.

To put it bluntly, Berk was screwed.

If anyone tried to attack, which was likely as soon as the word got around that most of the town was in smithereens and only half of the houses there was still intact, there would be groups swarming from all over the place to get in on what might be left in Berk and the prosperity that Berk was currently known for.

Someone needed to come in and lead as soon as possible.

* * *

><p>The flight back to Berk for Toothless, Astrid and Hiccup was a nerve racking one. Not necessarily for Hiccup, he was still out cold, but for Astrid and Toothless. The dragon had to be extra careful that he didn't injure his normal rider and maintain his height in the air. Astrid was used to the way that Hiccup flew Toothless, having been a

rider plenty of times, but this was still new and she had to make sure that she was extremely careful. After all, Hiccup was technically just dangling on some badly woven vines over 50 feet in the air from a flying dragon that can't fly properly without its rider.<p>

The first nerve racking moment on the way back was when Hiccup couldn't seem to get enough altitude to clear this mountain that had appeared to rise out of no where due to fog that covered the whole place. Astrid swore and tried to get Toothless to pull up enough, as he wasn't used to having the extra length underneath him and they could lose Hiccup or seriously injure him. Toothless only realised at the last moment that he still had Hiccup underneath him and struggle to gain the clearance. Thankfully he did, but Astrid was sure to guide the dragon just that little higher in an attempt to avoid any other randomly appearing mountains.

The vines next decided that creaking and a strand snapping was going to scare Astrid the most. Only one strand snapped out of the forty that made up each individual rope, which was later on weaved with others, but it still managed to nearly scare the life out of Astrid. She didn't know what to do with her life if she lost Hiccup. There had been a day, she hadn't realised then but only later, when Hiccup had suddenly become the focus of her life. Everything she did and said was devoted towards him in some way. There were the moments when she defended the dragons to one of the still more skeptical members of the village, or when they had off days. Those moments she realised weren't for the dragons any more as they had started out as, even though they were still an important factor, but instead to support Hiccup and make it easier for him. It was only one or two days since the epic battle, but already people had started to question if having dragons was the right thing to do. After all, it had been the main reason that Bloodfist had attacked. No bloodying his fist with their face would make any of it better.

The next thing that she noticed was when Hiccup was out learning how to be chief, or doing something for the town or map making or something, when one of the others in the dragon training academy would question his disappearance, or his teaching methods. Astrid had began with using violence to shut them up, not to sure of anything herself, but later on she used it as an excuse to mention how talented and brave Hiccup was. But in all honesty, his hero complex was starting to get a little old. She would mention how he was the only one who had the courage to approach a dragon, even after them stealing and killing his mother (even though, they now know this to not be true) and all the stories that had travelled around the town. The next thing that she would say once she had exhausted the first option was that none of the others, herself included she made sure to say, hadn't faced the red death off all by themselves. Snotlout would always complain here and say that he didn't, after all, that was the moment when they had trained their dragons. Astrid would then mention how they flew up into the sky and distracted him that way before shooting a plasma bolt into the bigger dragons mouth as he drew breath to shoot his own fire ball. In that moment, during late night, quiet, nearly secretive conversations between herself and Hiccup, he sometimes mentioned to her that it was the moment when Hiccup started to doubt his life and everything that he had achieved, which hadn't been much in his opinion.

"But its the beginning! It wasn't the end!" She would tell him over

and over again. He would just turn away and shrug, looking away with haunted eyes. He tried to not make it obvious and act as though he was able to use it to his own advantage, but the loss of his foot still affected him. There would be things that he would never be able to do, and like any soldier, he was always able to tell when winter was coming. It was in those moments that he just sat down and contemplated what his life would be like if he had just listened to his dad for the first time in a long time.

Different, thats for sure.

Astrid tried to help him move past it, but it was always there. Constantly.

Just like the reminder of his successful shooting was.

And his fathers death.

And his mothers appearance.

Astrid realised on the flight back that maybe everyone was expecting too much from the young, newly inducted chief. He had barely enough time to learn the finer details and no time to make the decisions and get taught the right ones under Stoick's watchful eye.

No. She was going to avoid this topic. Tears were not allowed to fall. If they managed, she would started crying about all of her life woes and she was meant to be strong all of the time. She had to be Hiccup's rock. Even when he was asleep, because they were going to make it back to the mainland of Berk and then straight to Gothi and she would heal him and he would be all fine.

My thoughts are all over the place, Astrid thought ironically.

* * *

><p>Done! :)

End
file.